Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIABETH LATTIMER.

A number of readers have been sending in some of their favorite, original recipes, and I am collecting them into a group and passing them on to the other readers of this col-

Northeast Orange Marmalade. Take four nice, large navel oranges and two lemons. Cut off the thick end of each orange and lemon down to the pulp and leave out. Quarter the fruit and then slice thin, then peal and pulp with a small sharp knife. For each measure of fruit use three measures of cold water. Let stand twenty-four hours, then boil briskly forty-five minutes. Again let stand twentyfour hours. Now to each measure of fruit add a measure of good cane sugar and boil briskly about fortyfive minutes. Try a little before removing from fire, and the minute it jells fill glasses. This makes about ten glasses. Fruit will jell

District Salad.

more satisfactorily if made in small

Take oranges, peeling carefully. Slice and place on crisp lettuce leaves. Then take small green onions, cutting in small pieces. Sprinkle over orange slices. Top with salad dressing and sprinkle chopped nuts or paprika.

The dressing: Four tablespoons flour, heaping, and four heaping tablespoons of sugar; one tablespoon mustard, two eggs. A little cold water. Beat to a paste, then

One cup boiling water, one and one-half cups vinegar, one and onehalf cups sweet milk. Boil four minutes and add butter the size of egg. Salt to taste. This makes a quart and will keep in all kinds of

Orange Jelly.

Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine five minutes in one-half cup cond water, dissolve in one-half cup botting water, add one-half cup sugar, one cup orange juice, and three tablespoons lemon juice. When set, cut in cubes and serve in orange baskets.

Baked Fruit with Dumplings.

Fring one-half cup water and one tablespoon butter to boiling point, turn in quickly one-half cup dry flour, stir until mixture draws away from side of pan. Take from fire and cool. Work in two eggs, one-third cup flour mixed with onefourth teaspoon baking powder, more flour if necessary to make soft dough, mold in small cakes and place in pan of fruit, brushing cakes on top with milk. Bake

twenty to thirty minutes. Fruits-Soak one dozen each of dried prunes, pears, apples, peaches. and apricots over night in plenty of water, then boil ten minutes, drain juice and boil with one cup of sugar, a few slices of oranges and Pour the juice over your fruit in the baking dish, add dumplings and bake as directed above.

Take Orange Custard.

Beat until light three egg yolks and one egg white, then add onehalf cup sugar, few grains salt, grated rind of one orange and onefourth cup orange juice. Scald one and one-fourth cups milk in double boiler and pour gradually (stirring constantly) over the egg mixture. Pour into buttered custard cups, place in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cool served with whipped

Salmon Louf. One can salmon, one cup bread crumbs, two eggs, one and one-half \$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar. Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week.

However, all that matters is HOW it was saved. \$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper. I will award a prize of \$1 each

day for one of the suggestionss ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

P. S.—If you want a prize, you must be willing to have your name and address used, because that is only fair to other contestants, who have a right to know that each day's prize winner is an actual person. liowever, I am delighted to have all sorts of ideas sent in which, if not given a prize, will be printed with initials only and help the other readers.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it

Winners are requested to call at the office of The Times' cashier for their prizes. Bring a clipping from the paper, if possible, noting the date on which your suggestion was published.

put in a buttered baking dish and bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Dixie Fritters.

Beat one egg until light, add one-fourth cup milk, one-half cup flour sifted with one-third teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-half tablespoonful melted

Beat until smooth. Pare two oranges, removing peel and mem-brane, cut in thin slices and sprinkle with sugar and few drops of lemon juice. Dip orange sections batter and fry in hot deep fat until puffed and brown. Drain on brown paper sprinkled with powdered sugar and serve with an orange sauce.

Grape Juice Pic. Take one and one-half cups of grape juice, pour into double boiler ---if of the sour kind add one cup of sugar-Place over fire. Add one teaspoonful of butter. Take one tablespoonful of cornstarch, into half cup cold water, add to this the beaten yolks of two eggs, stir into the grape juice and cook as if making lemon pie. When well cooked pour into rich shell that has been previously baked. Beat whites to stiff froth and add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little vanilla, pour over the top of the pie and set in hot oven to

This Letter Wins Today's Economy Prize.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER: I would like to tell you not only how I saved the price of a new tam o'shanter but how I made nearly six dollars. I wanted a new cap, which cost \$3 or \$4, and in looking over my clothes I found a ruffle sweater which I had knitted for myself last summer and which had gone out of style; so I pulled out the ruffle and crochete a cap for myself. After taking the time to make this cap, it was too small for me, so I sold it for \$1.50, and by doing so I got orders for making six caps, at \$1 each, without furnishing the wool, and now I am making my sweater over in a new style. KATHERINE TAYLOR.

Letters of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Life Beyond Tells Certain Knowledge of Immortality Based on Messages from Dead Husband

"Envy Ella Giles the Reunion With Her Beloved-Wrote Her To Get Word Back If Possible"

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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(The following hitherto unpublished letters from America's greatest poetess to her favorite brother, Marcus P. Wheeler, Windsor, Wis., a civil war veteran, constitute a remarkable human document. At one and the same time they set forth what she believed her certain knowledge of the life hereafter, based upon communications from her husband, Robert M. Wilcox, who died in 1916, and also very interesting side lights on the daily life and views of this writer whose name is known to every one who reads. These letters will be printed in daily instalments.)

Your New Dress

ully considered and this should be material has a nap and if so lay pat-

hurry.

you buy five or six cheap half-made child and this had long been her am-

When you have decided what your gowns and suits. She had often

design is to be procure your pattern, looked in the windows and watched

read all the instructions, pin pattern the tailors work and how fast their up, try it on and make necessary al- hands flew, and, of course, she

will need, then you will neither buy hurry and realized what a mistake

too much nor too little. It is wise, she was making. He came to her and

however, to buy a little more than said: "Little lady, we try here to see

enough and have some left to alter how well our work can be done; not

To determine how much material Be master of your work, become

s needed measure a space on the sure of yourself first, then practise

floor or work table with half the speed. The beauty of the garment, width of the material you are to use, whether its material is expensive or

then place all the pieces of the pat- cheap, is in the construction.

Select material, but do not buy But the kind-faced old tailor saw

Short Beach, Conn., July 3, 1917.

Dear Marcus: It seems strange I got the only news so far of Elia Giles' death from Wisconsin. No one has yet written or missed me from there. I envy her the reunion with her beloved. I wrote her after my return if she went on ahead to get a message to me if possible.

She had a very distinct vision of Robert last summer, and she had had three very remarkable ones of her father, one of which resulted in her being saved from serious sickness through bad plumbing. She knew nothing of it till her father came with the message; then she sent for a plumber, had the place overhauled, and found the condition exactly as described. This was twenty years ago. Only twice since has anything of that nature come to her-she never sought it.

I am sorry you missed my plays. I have not seen "A Beautiful Lie," but my relatives here saw it and said it was exceptionally fine. It is made from my poem in World Voices, "The Reverie in the Station House." "Angel or Demon" I do not care much for. All of these plays

controlled by what you need this spe-

cial garment for. .Whether for street,

special dress, or for all-around wear

makes all the difference in the world,

says Mary Jane Rhoe, author of "The

Dress You Wear." Then, the money

you can afford to put in it is another

Never dress beyond your means.

If carefully planned and bought one's

To be economical do not buy con-

spicuous material or use extreme

styles. One or two garments a year of good material and well made

means being better dressed than if

ardrobe need not cost so much.

should have been exploited three years ago; I had my advance royalties then and get nothing now. Their delay has prevented other new ones coming out which would bring me profit. It is a most vexatious business. But it may bring me

fortune by and by. It certainly is donesome the way we Wheelers all live on and on. But I trust I will be fully ripe for the other world by not going "green" from this. And it can't be so terribly long now to wait. The last year and a half has been so of all kinds of suffering-I doubt if any others can be as pain-

Added to the colossal loss, came the frightful knowledge last March that I had a small tumor on my breast! And while I do not want long life I do not want lingering death by painful inches. I have had treatment for this malady sine July, and it has almost disappeared The doctor says I will have no trouble from it. But the treatment took lots of time and money-x and violet rays. I can continue the treatment in Paris, and in London I shall be the guest of the most eminent x-ray specialist here.

However, if sudden death should come to me "over there" I shall escape the need of further treatment and worry over lingering maladies. I think the tumor was a

tern on so nap runs all one way

shrunken or shrink it yourself.

When you buy the material have it

wool goods never pay any attention

to the salesman who says it has been

sponged and shrunken, as you are

liable to meet with much trouble by

so doing. A tailor always shrinks his

material no matter what any one

Now you are ready to proceed with

cutting and making your garment.

tailor in New York was trying to

bition-to make beautiful tailored

low nervously she was trying to

thought she must do the same.

She was little more than a

Never rush your work.

how much we can do."

reflex from my bitter grief and misery in California. Could Not Write My Story

Without Psychic Researches. Hotel Belmont, New York,

I am inclosing for you, and sending Ed and Sarah the same little holiday gift, which is from the advance price I am to get for my

There is a little string tied to my gift to you. I want you to promise to go to two movies a week; more ou will, but TWO any way. I have been sick with my annual

cold; the kind I used to have and kept John Ableman awake with my "hark-from-the-tombs" cough. comes every year, no matter where I am. Sometimes early, sometimes late. Then no more for another year. I am glad it came now as I will be all right when I sail. I once had it come on the day I sailed, and a windy ship is a bad place for bronchitis.

I shall know in a week or ten days just the date of my sailing. The head man of all ships here, nearly fainted with emotion when he was told by the ship agent at this hotel who it was wanted booking. Said he adored me as a poet and would do everything to This is all as Robert told me it would be. He said he was mak ing plans for me and not to worry. The editor of the Cosmopolitan is particularly interested in my psychic researches and wants me to give them frely in my story. I could not tell a true story of my

life unless I did. I am glad I have lived to find the intelligent part of the world ready to let me tell these facts in my Memoirs. I am sure you will find my Memoirs interesting. You knew so little of my life after you went to Dakota, it will all be very new to you. I have found it most entertaining work albiet somewhat a wrench on the emo-tions. I feel very glad that I have been able to live a life that the public will be helped by reading. All who have read it say it is a tonic. A busy day, so good-by.

No One Dies Till Time Comes No Matter Where He Goes.

Am sorry my intent of giving yo

"The Bungalow." Granite Bay, Short Beach, Conn.

a real pleasure miscarried. Please mail "Nathaniel Worth" in inclosed envelope to a friend who wants it I have had great delight in it-so have all my most briliant friends. Regarding Europe, I have no ure is an obsolete word to me Neither has your sweet suggestion of a desire for spectacular heroism on my part a foundation. have many letters from men in trenches. I speak French and could find usefulness and education over there. My going depends on what friends over there write in reply to my suggestion of the ossibility.

No one dies till his time comesno matter where he goes.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

The Two Voices By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

opyright, 1919, Star Company. N less than a week an upright piano had been brought to Daniel Rodney's house and installed in the library in the space between the fireplace and the window. Hugh's couch was drawn out in front of the hearth, and he was in the habit of lying here hour after hour while Laura or Ruth read

The plane arrived one morning. and, when Ruth entered the library that afternoon she heard the thrill of excitement in the invalid's voice even before she saw the cause of it Oh, Doris, darling-I am so glad you've come!" he greeted her. are later than usual today-aren't

"I don't think so," she said. "Why were you in such a hurry for me?"
"Look!" he commanded.

He pointed across the room, but not to the piano, for his blindness made it impossible for him to indicate the exact location of the in strument. Doris did not tell him "Oh, the plano's here!" she ex-

claimed, trying to throw the correct amount of enthusiasm into her voice "Your father did not let the grass grow under his feet, did he?" 'lindeed, he did not! Ever since he spoke of it I have felt as if I could not wait to hear you play and

sing. Doris. Just as soon as you get your coat and hat off, and are rested a bit, you will give music, won't you? But, first of all kiss me. You forgot to do that." "You forgot it yourself in your excitement over the plano," she retorted jestingly.

"I will step over into Laura's room with these things," she said. She knew that Laura was out

and she wanted to be alone for a minute. Already her hands were

trembling with nervousness at the thought of playing or singing for Hugh Rodney. She had always had the shrinking-peculiar to certain people-from "Performing' in the presence of a stranger. Especially she dreaded having Hugh hear her do so. As Ruth Courtney, she knew she could not stand the ordeal. As Doris Courtney, she must stand it. She Has to Sing.

She had almost hoped that Mr. Rodney would defer getting the piano. While she had accused herself of selfishness in this hope, she could not help entertaining it. Now she must do more than "face the music." She must make it herself.

It was but one more ordeal through which she had to pass. If she were worthy Hugh's friendship, she would meet this new situation. "What are you going to sing? Hugh asked when she had returned to him, and closed the door of the library. She was glad Laura was

"I would rather play something first," she said, "until I get my breath from walking so rapidly." "Al right. Play what you like, won't you?"

Her heart beat with the sickening rapidity familiar to the nervous musician. Ever since her childhood, her seemingly unconquerable stage-fright had been the reproach of her mother and the regret of her music-teacher. Now she had come to the point where she must master it. She had never been able to do so before. Could she now? Seating herself at the piano, she struck a few chords.

"What a sweet tone this instrument has! she commented, to gain

'Yes, it has. Please play something, Doris," the blind man urged. The name he called her by acted as a spur.

He would be listening to her as Doris, not as Ruth. That made it easier. She knew she could play and sing better than Doris couldwhen only her own family were at hand to listen. Doris herself had said that.

Very softly she began to play Drdla's "Souvenir." It was a piece she loved. She had heard Mischa Elman play it last year, and had never forgotten the joy of the experience. She had been delighted to find that she could secure an arrangement of the piece for the

Almost caressingly she touch ! the notes. She felt as if she and Hugh were alone in the world. She closed her eyes and drank in the beauty of the music. It was won-derful to let herself go with the harmony that flowed from her fing-As the last note died away into

silence Hugh spoke, his voice trembling with emotion.
"Doris, darling! That was just what I was longing to hear! And you played it because you and I heard it together just after we were engaged, didn't you? You re-member that wonderful evening,

when we heard Mischa Elman,

He stopped abruptly, as Ruth's hands dropped with a clashing discord upon the keys. "I beg your pardon!" she ex-aimed. "That was an awkward thing to do. In getting up from the stool, I slipped and caught at the piano to steady myself."

"You did not hurt yourself?" anxiously. "Oh, no," she assured him-"not a

"Don't stop playing," he begged. as she came across the room toward him. "While I listened to that 'Souvenir" I felt as if you and I Doris, were alone together in all the world-just as I felt when you "And, darling, I know that you

were remembering, too-or you would not have played it. And I knew that you were living over again that unforgettable evening. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, Hugh; I played it because I heard it that evening last yearand loved it," she muttered.
To be continued.

BOOKS

RECORDS OF THE COLUMBIA HIS.

TORICAL SOCIETY OF WASHING-TON, D. C. Volume 22. Edited by John B. Larner. Published by the Society at Washington.

The twenty-second volume of the records of the Columbia Historical Society contains an unusually large amount of good historical material. It should prove of great interest to every one interested in the Author of "Blue Aloes," "The Leopard," and many short stories of unusual charm and cleverness. to come in. These also are my Chostic disappeared Simultane.

April Folly With MARION DAVIES

Watch For This Story in Motion Pictures

ture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan production, released

through Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a Para-

mount-Arteraft picture, direction of Robert Z. Leonard.

By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY.

O UDDENLY the peace of even-

being geared for starting. Evi-

dently Ghostie's friends were de-

parting in the same aloof spirit

with which they had held apart all the afternoon. No one in the studio

stirred to speed the parting guests.

upon the pride of the great.

they were off.

"What?"

cutting irony.

It did not seem fitting to obtrude

woman's voice bade good-bye, and

Ghostle was heard warning them

of a large rock fifty yards up the

lane. A man called good-night, and

"By jove, I know that fellow's voice!" puzzled Sarle. April thought

she did, too, but she was in a kind

of happy trance where voices did

Ghostie at the window, blotting out the evening skiles.

"They have gone," she cimidly an

"Ah, joy go with them!" remark-

ed Clive, more in relief than re-

"But there is still one of them in

"She has been waiting to speak to

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with

"The one in my room's a girl,"

said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."
"She has strange ways," com-mented Clive glumly. "But ask her

Delinquency

and Health

By Brice Belden, M. D.

FROM 50 to 60 per cent of the inmates of prisons, reforma-

tories, houses of correction and the like, exhibit some form of

nervous or mental abnormality,

which condition is probably the most important factor underlying

We say chronic criminality, be-

cause at least 60 per cent of the in-

mates of the penal and correctional

Five hundred thousand men,

women and children enter prisons,

tional institutions in the United

crime and methods for its repres-

sion the most important factor in

the whole situation has been large-

ly overlooked—the criminal himself

The existence of mental disease

and deterioration, mental defect,

psychopathic personality, epilepsy

portion of the inmates of penal and

correctional institutions makes

clear how futile it is merely to at-

law instead of endeavoring to un-

derstand and solve the pr

these individuals present.

tempt blindly to administer the

Prisons should be equipped with

clinics and the entire penal machin-

ery of a State should be so organ-

ized as to enable it to carry into

effect the recommendations of such

It is more sensible, more econom-

ical, and more humane to detect,

through properly equipped court

clinics, the conditions from which

these individuals are suffering long

before they are sent to prison than

later, when deterioration in the

mentally ill and serious criminal

tendencies in the mentally defec-

tive cannot be prevented.

These mental disorders, in very

many cases, result from physical

Our brutal and idiotic system pro-

vides for the shocking to death of sick men after they have committed

murder, but it makes no provision

for the prevention or early detec-

tion of the diseases that bring them

prevail cannot claim to be civilized.

The Rhyming

Optimist-

By Aline Michaelis.

HOLD it is a great mistake to ever

ful view I always take that spuds

are better yet. The debtors' pris-

ons long ago flourished across the

sea, and bang! Into them you

would go if you were chump enough

to owe for curds and catnip tea.

Those days men's grocery bills were

light because that was before old

H. C. L heaved into sight and

naught was known about the height

to which pork chops could soar.

For airships now are not alone in

making steep ascents. A bunch of

other things have flown into the dim, aerial zone—for instance, boots

and rents. And still, I try my very

best at making both ends meet, at-

treat my longing as a jest and end

in tout de sweet. The debtors of

the distant past and not so long

ago were chaps whom careful fol-lows classed as dreadful spenders,

wild and fast; but now this isn't so.

For though on beans you daily dine

and dwell within a shack, beware or you will fall in line and end by

owing ninety-nine gazooks for duds and snack. And then a flock of

mail will come, of genus open-faced,

till you will long to flee from hom?

unto some unknown realms to roam,

where debts are never traced. And

gents of strange, uncertain mein

will bring a camping kit, just waiting to create a scene as you trav-

erse the village green they'll yodel: "Please remit!" All these and sun-

dry other woes beset the debtor's

way; he could not, even if he chose,

be carefree, joyous and jocose with

all those bills to pay. Yes, though in homespun I go clad, I get my share of fun, for though I dine on

shredded shad, my fate is really not half bad-I never get a dun.

though I crave a purple vest.

run in debt, and when I can't afford planked steak the hope-

A state in which such conditions

and the like in a fairly large pro

In the search for the causes of

institutions are repeaters who have

served many sentences each.

reformatories and other

States every year.

and his health.

clinics.

their chronic criminality.

you all the afternoon; they all have, but they could not face the

not matter. The next episode

tide was rudely shattered by

the jarring crank of a motor

"April Folly," soon to be seen in leading motion pic-

ously, the two men arose, remarking that they must be going; they had stayed too late, and it was getting dark. Clive easily shut them

"Of course, you can't go! Stay to supper and go back by the light of the moon. We've got to have some music and all sorts of things Afterward, we'll come a bit of the way with you.'

They did not need much persuasion to settle down again. Clive passed around the cigarettes. "We won't spoil the best hour of the day by lighting the lamps," she

They waited. In a minute or so they heard the strange girl approaching. The house consisted of a number of rooms built in the form of a square round a little courtyard. Each room led into the other, but had also an outer door. Ghostie's room was third from the studio, with one between, unused because of huge holes in the floor,

It was through this dilapidated chamber that the girl could now be heard approaching, clicking her heels and picking her way delicately by the aid of a candle door and flickered across the courtyard at the back. In spite of its light, she caught one of her high heels in a hole, and a faint but dis tinctly naughty word was heard,

followed by a giggle.
As she reached the door, she blew out the candle. They heard the they had heard the naughty word. Then she stood in the open doorway, visible only because she wore a white dress,

Lazy Diana Appears.

"Come in," said Clive, with politeness, but irony not quite gone from her voice. The figure did not move or speak. For some reason unknown, April felt the hair on her scalp stir as though a chill wind had blown through it. And the same wind sent a thrill down her backbone. Clive repeated the in-vitation somewhat sharply, and hen the girl spoke. "I'm ashamed to come in."

The voice was timid and very low, but it was enough to make April give a broken cry and hide her face on Sarle's shoulder. leaped to his feet, and next moment the yellow spurt of a lighted match in his hand revealed the drooping face of the girl in the doorway.

"My God! Diana!" "Yes—isn't it tawful." she said mournfully. "I know I ought to be dead, but I'm not. How do you do Ronny?"

She passed him and came slowly across the room to the girl who was trembling violently agains Sarle's shoulder. The strain of the day, ending in this, was almost more than April Poole could bear (To be concluded tomorrow.)

The Secret of the Trance

By Brice Belden, M. D.

RANCE sometimes resembles death very closely, and, in fact, trance does end fatally at times. Consciousness in a trance may be

entirely abolished. The face is extremely pale. The limbs usually remain flaccid, but may be rigid or show spasmodic movements. The pupils may be dilated and immobile. Sensation, although frequently retained or heightened, may be abolished. The pulse and respiration may become temporarily im-

perceptible. The combination of these symptoms persisting for some hours may present a very close resemblance to death. There are three tests, however, which serve to distinguisa the two states from each otherthe absence of signs of decomposition, the persistence of the excitability of the muscles to electricity and the normal appearance of the interior of the eye as viewed with

the ophthalmoscope. Very little is known as to the real basis of trance. Something happens to render the nerve cells controlling the higher physic functions inactive, and then the morbid state spread to the lower centers in

varying degree.
A partial physiologic counterpart of trance is to be seen in the hibernation of some animals. Observation of such animals shows that when the heart-beats fall to eight or ten a minute the respirations are still lower and the temperature is subnormal. It may be that trance in human beings is in some sense nothing but a recurrence of the hibernation which at a low stage of our evolution was shared in common with other animal life. According to this view trance becomes a further proof of the doc-

trine of evolution. It is said that some Indian fakirs have the power of holding their breath and passing into a stage of ecome inaudible.

Cheyne, a famous English physician, has reported a well-authenticated and very peculiar case of voluntary suspension of the heart's action and resperation in the person of a Colonel Townsend.

Caged Grizzlies. Experience in many zoos has

shown that subjecting caged griszlies to close contact with people is usually cruelty to the animals. Often they become cross and a number of crowd-worried grizzlies have died prematurely from resultan: apoplexy. Modern zoo bear pens are constructed so that the bear is beyond the wiles of visitors—se that he can have much privacy one of the needs of any grizzly. Perhaps we too often think of the bulky grizzly as being coarse and rude. But he is an animal of the highest type, sensitive, independent and retiring. The normal bear is good-tempered and cheerful.

cups of sweet milk, cayenne pepper, salt to taste, one can peas. Mix and Seabrook, Md. Care for the Eyes

body must have its bath. The face must have its cleansing. Why not the eyes? Especially, as the eye, with its thick lid and the fringe of gerous. Give yourself over to a skilleye-lashes is a dust trap, and the ed physician's care, blightest speck of dust allowed to remain beneath the lid may cause irritation of the lid and inflammation of

the eye. For the eye's daily bath I offer you vorite is: Ten ounces of purest rosewater. Apply with an eye cup, turning the eye cup upside down so that the half open eye is completely washd by the contents of the cup. Hold it thus for thirty seconds, or, if not incomfortable, for a full minute. Throw away this rosewater. Rinse the glass and give the eye a second

If the eyes are unduly irritated the bath can be repeated several times. Ordinarily a bath in the morning on rising and another at night on retir-

some of my friends who have beautiful eyes prefer elderflower water to rosewater. It is equally good and should be applied in the same Another excellent eye-bath is one-

half an ounce of witch hazel; one-half an ounce of distilled water. Shake well in bottle and apply with an eye-cup. One other bath I must for strengthening the eyes; Six drops of goracic acid, one wineglass of distilled water.

A bath in borax water is highly beneficial and has the advantage of while traveling one may always carper cent of it will be absorbed by person so prejudiced against experiments that she is not willing to in-troduce this substance directly to o and pressed upon the eyelids is both fficacious and soothing. The old-fashioned remedy of cold

tea leaves pressed upon the lids has ralue, not from the ten leaves in-

ry a box of borax. Moreover it is per cent solution, that is, only 4 water. A borax bath is very strength-ening. If the eyes be delicate or the the eyes, a silk handkerchief or a cloth dipped into borax water

By LINA CAVALIERI, The Most Famous Living Beauty. FOR the daily care of the eyes flammation in eyelids makes for the there should be two baths. The beauty of the eyes. And here I must beauty of the eyes. And here I must utter a word of warning. If the lids lumps form inside the lining of the eyelids, don't attempt to cure them yourself or neglect them. That is dan

There is nothing more disfiguring or injurious to the eyes than these irritating lice lumps. They are caused primarily by eyestrain, and if the strain is removed the granules are likely to disappear. If, howthe choice of several lotions. My fa- ever, the case is far advanced you must have medical treatment at once.

Shakespeare as Poacher.

In the description of the amenities of the Shakespeare Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, which was recently put up at auction, the story is revived that Shakespeare came before Sir Thomas Lucy on a charge of stealing deer from Charlcote Park. The charge is open to the comment that in the time of Elizabeth there was no deer park at Charlcote. To this it is retorted that deer were to be found in many parks not described as deer parks. As to all which it may be suggested that Shakespeare may have been brought before Lucy for stealing any deer within his jurisdiction.

Tracing the Source.

A locturer was trying to make his youthful audience understand that all good comes from one source. As an illustration he to'd them of building a house and put-ting gas-pipes with taps in all the rooms, these pipes not being connected with the main in the street. "Suppose I turn on a tap and no gas comes, what is the matter?' He naturally supposed that some of the boys would answer that the gas was not turned on at the main, but they did not. On the contrary, one boy called out, "You haven t paid your gas bill!"

Packing Cases for Rubber. Before the war Japan used to supply most of the packing cases used for rubber sent out of Burma. Owing to the increased cost and the scarcity of shipping the Burma Forest Department took up the

trinsically, but from the cool, mount contact. Cloths dipped in water are quite as good.

Whatever reduces the fever and in-

THIS WOULD HAVE MADE JIMMY'S SECOND EXPULSION FROM SCHOOL

